

THE INNIS HERALD

Volume XXX No. 1

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Important Stuff (Sort of)

Spirit of Harold Innis Alive...

Editorial

A call to arms! (well, to pens, computers, etc., actually). Another year, another Harold (oops, I mean Herald). The Innis Herald is more than just a pun on the college founder's name. It is considerably more than a rag your money pays for; it's a chance to express yourself, to communicate and to hear the opinions of other Innisites. Some of us are even interesting (no names mentioned), others can be funny (others aren't), but everyone on the Herald cares enough to get off their butts and contribute. We have a wide variety of sections and maintain a policy of trying to cater to the vast differences in opinion and lifestyle that make Innis the unique, diverse place that it is. From Innis news to environmental issues, from astrology to zeitgeist, the Herald is here to present everyone's view on as many subjects as possible. It's also a really neat place to hang out, to learn and to help in the preparation and production of a newspaper (hey, if I can use this bloody computer, you can too!) So, if you think you don't have enough on your plate already and you don't want to "live a life of quiet desperation," come to Room 305 of the West Wing (over the caf). We (the Herald staff) are very friendly and quite capable beneath our bumbling exteriors, so if ye hath any questions or a burning desire to do layout at three o'clock in the morning come pay a visit. Cheap refills and the smiles are free!

Brought To You By:

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Damen for bls hard-drive

William for all-around

greatness (Happy B-day)

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Spirit of Unreadable Rubbish Alive...

Damian Tarnopolsky

Archaeology Today recently reported the discovery of a grand 10 metre high column in Caen, dating from the Emperor Trajan's era. That might not sound like a thrilling start but bear with me: the column was decorated with a frieze in three intertwined sections, detailing the youth, career and passage into death of what seems to be a local praetor. Pictures show it to have been a thing of beauty and it gave me pause, if only because I'm not used to thinking of columns as, well, I'm just not used to thinking about columns. I might say, they are functional, they held the roof up ages ago, but what import is the column to your average Algy in the street? The French one is more like Nelson's Column or the CN tower; its only function seems to be to awe. I had assumed that columns became more decorative and less strictly useful as the years passed and they were removed from their proper architectural context. Nowadays they appear on banks, museums, universities and such to betoken authority when maybe none is deserved. The French find is a reminder of a whole tradition that is removed from supportive function, and as such is a prettier counterpart to those modern columns; even calling it a column is a little risky. Perhaps spire or stick will do.

Most of what appears in the Innis Herald is articles, but since the beginning my tosh has been referred to as a column, and it's a little tempting not to rename it but just to consider whether it ought to be decorative, functional, outdated, made of stone or buried in mud. For now I'm just going to divide it into three parts: a self-defining bit, a silly bit, and a film review bit. Obviously the section titles are interchangeable. Enjoy.

First some advice to those fresh young pillars of the school, the wee frosh. Even if this writing's just a spinal column (supportive, sending messages, at times painfully misshapen) well then that at least suggests a body, and both a body and a frosh need just one thing. You guessed it: Fun With Soap!

Now for generations, nay millennia, the unbegun among us have been Misusing valuable soap, spreading it out over our armpits and chest hair, should we have any, quite unaware of the value of what we were WASTING. What needs to be stressed here is that soap is a many-splendoured luxury, with great Play potential, and just a few of its delightful attributes are outlined below. You're never alone with soap, and doubtless you and your friends will be able to recognise more of soap's bounty, which includes:

a) FOOD. Yes, soap makes a hale and convenient snack or entrée. Not only can it be diced into a delicious and clean salad, but it will also make convincing marshmallow facsimiles for those long malodorous nights at the farm. Best of all, NO BAD BREATH!

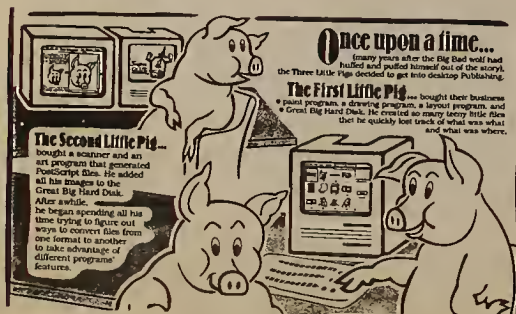
b) DECOR. A few strategically placed bars of soap can make all the difference to the appearance of your home or apartment, especially if you nab those scrumptious Body Shop (a fine name for any establishment, in my book) fruity perfumed soap. They'll leave you and your pad alive with the scents of a Nepalese bordello, which is what we all want, right? Only soap can do this.

c) CONVERSATION PIECE. You know what you need on your coffee table (or as those in the know say, soap table), don't you? Probably not, but soap makes a convincing substitute. At that time of the evening with that special someone when the conversation hurls, if you've set up your soap properly you need not panic and start discussing nasty medical experiments. No, just point, lean over and say, "So, what do you think of the soap?" Hours of wavily flirtatious conversation ensue, guaranteed. For all you lonely frosh out there, an attractive necklace or bracelet is a great place to carry around your favourite soap; just wait for people to come up and say "Hey, nice soap." Sometimes they even swoon. It's happened.

d) CLOTHING. Getting by on OSAP, that pesky anagram of 'soap', can be tough. For both delightful sexes, a few artfully placed bars of soap are all the outfit you need to be the 'life' of the party or nightclub of your choice. Watch your laundry bills crumple (just don't try this one in February, unless you have a hell of a lot of soap).

e) WEAPONRY. I don't really need to go into this, do I?

Anyway, I stole an industry pass from a well-scrubbed and dear insider to see what I think was the finest film of the recent festival, Luci Kovacs' *Inferno*. It's a loose adaptation of Dante's poem the way that this column is a loose adaptation of, um, well... The Hungarian director fits in here because she's frosh, sort of; this was her only film before her as yet unexplained disappearance last year. She wields a brilliant mix of media to offer a visual reading of the poem. It's all grace and energy, from the softly spoken voice-over of Sophia Loren (an odd but fluent choice) which plays above the initial screen, black but for two white patches. These gradually expand into a figure at his desk. He writes, and as he does so his script springs up around him and the words on the page become the dark wood of which he speaks. This is the technology of Roger Rabbit, mixing action with animation, but here it's as telling as it is pleasing. Kovacs' canvas is international: the twisting *malebolge* are seen in the curves of San Francisco's hills, and one expressly beautiful moment comes early in the film before the passage into the city of hell proper. Eliot repeated Dante's lines on limbo, where the crowds of lukewarm mingle, comparing those who who never really lived (existing without infamy and without praise) with the masses crossing London Bridge on the way to work: *I did not think that death had undone so many*. Kovacs' daring move is to film a sequence on the bridge above the dawnlit Thames, but her vision is of a single figure crossing in the empty light. It re-reads Eliot and re-reads Dante, returning to his and Kovacs' primary concern: three states of the individual soul rather than three descriptions of the reality of the after-life. The complexity and delight of her conception is her only monument even if, unlike the French one, it doesn't rise 30 feet into the air on a base of soapstone.



Litter Free Friday Sea (Innis News)

Free Friday Films

Alexi Manis

"It's like, if I were to scratch one spot on my forehead, repeatedly, long enough so that it turned pink and raw..." Leaning up against a white Taurus parked on Harbor St, Herald co-editor Damian Tamopolsky muses about his cat's horrid skin condition. He then proceeds to invite me along to the vet so that I could lend support while his precious may be alleviated of the bacterial infection. For fear of my health, physically AND mentally, I subtly decline, insisting that I must instead write up an article for the Herald. So, in dedication to Damian's kitten, here's the schedule for CINSSU's annual "Free Friday Film" blow-out. And if you happen to notice Damian on the corner, peering confusedly across the street, scratching feverishly at the same spot on his head, it's best to give him your regards in passing. All screenings in Innis Town Hall, 7 p.m.

So here's the schedule:

September	20	Leaving Las Vegas
	27	Antonia's Line
October	4	Touch of Evil
	11	Through the Olive Trees
	18	Jeff Pevere "Carte Blanche"
	25	The Shining (Halloween Special)
November	1	The Last Picture Show
	8	The Deer Hunter
	22	Les Amants de Pont-Neuf
	29	Blood Simple
December	6	Doom Generation
January	10	Le Confessionnal
	17	Picture of Light
	24	Leolo
	31	Chung King Express
February	7	The Kingdom
	14	The Graduate
	21	Gulwaar
	28	The Incredible Story of Two Girls in Love
March	7	The Grand Illusion
	14	The Tin Drum
April	4	Crash
	11	Trainspotting

Litter a Sea

Kelly

Yes, this is yet another shameless appeal for YOUR unpaid volunteer labour! So if you haven't decided to help out with the Innis Herald (or even if you have) there is at least one other organization on campus that would love to have you.

U of T Students for Literacy is a student-run organization dedicated to helping people of all ages throughout the Toronto area to improve their reading and writing skills. There are several different programs in place which target adults as well as students at both the primary and high school levels. As for the need for such a program, a shocking 20% of Canadians, as reported by StatsCan, are estimated to be functionally illiterate. This means that reading menus and street signs and even job applications are tasks that 5 million Canadians have incredible difficulty with and yet are tasks that we, as highly literate (okay, at least we can read) university students, take for granted. So here's your chance to become an equalizer in an increasingly unequal world... just a few hours a week to make a world of difference.

Of course no appeal for free labour would be complete without a personal story that goes straight to the heart, so here's my story...

I started working with Tom last year, a 22 year old high school student with the barest of reading and writing skills. He had been in and out of high school for years but had returned with the determination to graduate at last, so determined in fact that he never missed a meeting and never stopped trying. And what have we accomplished together? Tom now writes frequently in a journal, reads fairly easily from the newspaper (which he had long avoided for fear he couldn't read it), and writes without worrying about making mistakes. In other words, Tom's confidence level has increased tremendously and he's developed a liking for reading and writing on his own - the primary goals of the program. However, in these times of spending cutbacks Tom's classes are ever increasing in size and the programs designed to target his specific needs are rapidly disappearing, thus increasing the need for this type of volunteer work. (Again, how can we make an appeal for volunteer labour without making the requisite jab at the Harris regime?)

As for me, the experience has been extremely rewarding. I am learning the values of patience and understanding, and have learned to apply my skills for the benefit of someone other than myself for a change. Although I was initially intimidated by the responsibility, the learner-centered approach really appealed to me and we both learned to work well together. It was above all an eye opener, pulling me forever out of my middle class fantasy of equality by forcing me to recognize that literacy is not something all can take for granted.

So if your heart has now been adequately wrunged, and if you now feel a burning desire to share your ability to read with someone else, stop by and sign up. A 2 day training seminar is provided to give you tips and techniques that you can apply when working with your learner, enough to prepare you to dive headfirst into the world of literacy! To apply, you need only go to the office, which is located in the basement of the Graduate Students Union at 16 Bancroft, or call 978-0510. So if you have a couple of hours a week to spare, and would like to be reminded that your upcoming essay about Systems of Taxation during the Mediaeval Period in Europe isn't the MOST important thing in life, sign up and help make a difference.

Environment: Green

GreenSleeves

WARNING: This article contains graphic environmental opinion, and its suggestive material does not necessarily reflect the view (or actions) of the university which you are enrolled.

Yes folks, we are at a critical time in the world's history. It is no time to be pessimistic, apathetic, or helpless. Innisites and the world are embarking on the rest of our thundering lives and our decisions now will affect the world we live in and the world our children are born into. Take a deep breath in through the nose and out through the mouth. During that period, accounting for all the humans that died, 12 new people were added on planet earth. When you wake up tomorrow, an estimated 250 000 additional new people occupy our spaceship.

Our generation of University of Torontonians learn and time goes by as the exploitation of world's resources speeds up. Technology has enabled us to extract resources with tremendous destructive capacity. Take for instance the past weekend as many students (including myself), were either participating or recovering from frosh week, logging began in the forests of Temagami. Temagami, the third largest stand of old growth Red and White Pine forest on earth is under the threat of chainsaw (and feller-buncher) like most of the globe's pristine forests.

Warning: You've read this far, don't wimp out this early in life, you can still save some planet after the end of this article. Furthermore, when asked how Mother Teresa could continue to save the dying in the face of so much death she replied "They die one at a time, I save them one at a time."

Oh well, drink Beer

Study, party, get a degree to get a job to get money so you can buy a three car garage. Stop, no way! You are needed to defend the wild, to help change the course of our society. That is if we would like to avoid the fate of the dinosaurs.

Extinction Sucks

Note: 50% of species on earth will go extinct in the next twenty years. So let us move forward frosh and all, let's go to work for the world we want to live (no offense to the people who want a three car garage). Let us use our power and privilege to do positive things with our lives. For example, students at Innis Residence could begin by complaining about the lack of composting facilities for biodegradable vegetables, heck throw them out the window into the quad or organize a composting system.

Knowledge. Wisdom. Action.

P.S. Don't fall to Doom and Gloom (and use birthcontrol...hey guys get responsible and use a condom)

Organic Farmers Do It Naturally!!!

Room For Improvement

If ever there was an occasion to catch Big Brother in Big Business, now would be a good time for Ontarians to load up their cameras, throw open the doors on the dens of iniquity, and shoot away. In the name of job-creation, investment and economic growth, Harris' team has decided that a certain amount of relaxation is needed in the area of regulation, allowing for companies to feel more comfortable operating with our provincial borders, while destroying the land from which they reap profits. The "harmonization" of the "barriers to growth" is described in deceptive and flowery prose in a document called Responsive Environmental Protection, a consultation paper under intense scrutiny by groups like the Canadian Environmental Law Association (CELA) who realize the implications of these cuts.

Some of the people who would be more than happy to see these changes occur include those at Noranda Forest Inc., a multi-national corporation known for its destructive clearcutting practices in Canada's old-growth forests. We shouldn't forget those running pulp and paper kraft mills, dumping carcinogenic toxins into our drinking water and helping Ontarians to earn one of the highest cancer rates in North America. There's also those at Philip Environmental, whose handling of hazardous and non-hazardous waste will become even more haphazard and dangerous to local communities. The groups behind these gems not only applaud this huge step backwards but they'll underwrite it as well, by contributing tremendous funds to the Tory government.

A public forum at Metro Hall last Thursday was the one chance to verbally oppose, support or express an opinion to councillors regarding the obvious opportunity for self-regulation that is being handed to industry. It felt rather like an early morning coffee party and it was hard not to think that that the cost of the microphones alone could bring all of Canada out of its enviro-pit. Whether or not high-profile environmentalists such as Gord Perks or Paul Muldoon were really heard when voicing their concerns will be seen in the next few months. As the hours dragged on the scapegoating worsened and the back-patting amongst politicians increased, to the point where one misled representative of the Chambers of Commerce started cheering on Steelco and Defasco, two companies that have yet to clean up their acts in the Hamilton Harbour.

While Ontarians are trying to remember why they elected Harris and bought into his Common Sense Revolution, business will go on as usual. Rather than sending important laws to the slaughterhouse, Ontarians need to call for stricter enforcement of the valuable regulations that are now in place.

We are digging ourselves a shallow grave in toxic soil. Hundreds of thousands of cancer patients, plummeting sperm counts, effeminization, higher rates of birth defects, endometriosis, leukemia, and other assorted problems should be more than enough proof for Canadians that this house isn't in order. Perhaps then, it would be an opportune time, in light of the fact that we have already reached rock bottom, to let Harris know which part of his Common Sense Revolution really makes sense.

The deadline for written submissions regarding the total disregard of present environmental regulation was extended 30 days from September 15th, but don't expect an answer from the Ministry of Environment and Energy - they too have already had a visit from our scissor-happy Premier.

To address the proposed deregulation write to:

Regulatory Reform Project
Minister of Environment and Energy
8th Floor, 135 St. Clair Avenue West.
Toronto, Ontario
M4V 1P5

Innis, On us, In us — Honest

Ask The Mr. President Man!

Joel Schuster

Dear The Mr. President Man:

I have been having a serious problem since coming to University. Every time I go to the bathroom, I find that peeing burns like the fires of hell. Also, my urine has a thick, milky consistency and smells like a corpse. It tastes incredibly bad, and is too salty. This painful burning has given me much embarrassment, and my residence suite-mates have expressed much displeasure at the loud groans I emit while I urinate. When I showed them the bloody, milky pee in the sink (I don't believe in using the toilet), they called me a freak and threw me down the stairs. My life is a hopeless mess. What the hell can I do? -Firewater Jones

Dear Firewater Jones:

Firewater, you are in University now. It is time for you to learn how to effectively deal with problems on your own. What if everyone complained like a stuck pig when their pee burned? Do you need someone to tell you how to tie your shoes, no? If it hurts you to do something, it only makes logical sense not to do it anymore. If your urine is giving you that much trouble, just stop peeing. Or just drop out and kill yourself. I don't know.

Dear The Mr. President Man:

I have been going out with the same girl since grade four, but now the two of us have since gone to different universities and I'm worried that she'll find someone else. Should I try to keep our relationship "long distance" or should I just dump her and find someone new? -Confusio

Dear Confusio:

Before I answer your question, I'd just like to ask how you ever got a girlfriend with a name like "Confusio"? I mean, that's a pretty weird name. Most guys have names like John or Mike or something, but "Confusio" just makes you sound like an idiot. I think that anyone that would go out with a guy with a stupid name like that should be dumped on their ass. At the same time, any guy with a fucked up name like "Confusio" should take what he can get, even if she lives miles away. Perhaps you should just drop out and kill yourself. I don't know.

Dear The Mr. President Man:

I understand that you are the president of the Innis College Student Society (ICSS). Could you tell me something about this organization so that I too can join? -Reallywantstogetininvolved

Dear Reallywantstogetininvolved:

And I thought "Confusio" was a weird name! Well, R.I., I would suggest that instead of getting involved directly with our little organization, you become a covert operative. If you learn how to make explosives, you could be a real asset to us. Also, we need people on the street earning money to keep Innis barbecues and Pubs in business. If you are interested in being a prostitute or crack pusher, come and see us in room 116. Furthermore, we are desperately in need of people who will swallow condoms filled with heroin for safe transport across the American border. Also, if you've ever killed anyone, your talents could come in very helpful. Please drop by our office if any of this sounds good to you. If not, perhaps you should just drop out and kill yourself. I don't know.

Dear The Mr. President Man:

I live in the Innis Residence, but don't like my room mates. I think that they are obnoxious and rude. Whenever I ask them to be quiet or stop bugging me, they laugh at me and call me names. I am so unhappy. What can I do? -Miserable Girl

Dear Miserable Girl:

Well, there aren't too many options available to you right now. You probably won't be able to switch out of your apartment, and it sounds like your roommates are unreasonable. It has been the Mr. President Man's experience that people who are inconsiderate, are like that because no one has ever been inconsiderate to them. Once they know how it feels, they will avoid that behaviour because they won't want to make people feel bad. With this in mind, you should slowly begin to be inconsiderate to them! Every time they are too noisy or obnoxious for you, conspicuously make a mark in a little book. For every mark in your book at the end of the day, place one cat's head underneath their pillows. If this is not effective, try to switch their shampoo with "Neet" hair removal cream. If you're straight-forward, you could just set fire to their possessions, or possibly even their family members. Take every opportunity to break their dishes, rip their clothing, and sell their computers. Steal things out of some big guy's room and plant them in one of your roommate's rooms. Don't feel guilty: they're in the wrong here, not you! Sell them into Thai prostitution rings, or gas them and give them "embarrassing tomato stain" tattoos around their mouths. Write minority-bashing logos on their foreheads with medical dye. If nothing is effective, you might have to kill one of them as an example to the others. Whatever happens, don't worry. The worst that this experience could lead to is you dropping out of school and killing yourself. I don't know.

Seize the Carpe (Diem)

Jon Kelly

One particular day, during the first few weeks of school in my freshman year, I was coming out of an Economics tutorial somewhere on the west side of campus. I was already in a foul mood because I figured out I had no business being in an Economics class in the first place. I don't even know why I went to the tutorial - I hadn't done any of the work and I didn't understand what the hell the TA was saying anyway. I don't think the TA even knew what he was talking about. He was certainly not excited by trying to teach first year economics to a bunch of freshmen.

In any event, I was coming out of the building and I was trying to untangle my headphones. Not paying too much attention to where I was actually stepping, I managed to trip over absolutely nothing and went flying down the sidewalk, landing gracefully on my face. I had incredible hang time, man. There is no doubt in my mind that if being a spaz was an Olympic sport I would have scored 10s all around. But if you think my display was impressive, you should have seen my walkman fly. I look back three years later and I'm still impressed. That little sucker gave its all and flew a good fifteen feet further than I did.

If you're still with me here, if you've been following the events closely, you'll realize that not only did I have to pick myself up and try not to vomit from embarrassment, I also had to chase that stupid little yellow walkman down the street. At ten in the morning. At the corner of St. George and Harbord. In broad daylight. With EVERYONE watching me. Did I not haul ass to the subway? Would I not have beaten Donovan Bailey to the turnstile?

I think I carried a little bit of that feeling with me through most of my first year here. To this day I am still convinced I'm going into the wrong classroom for the first semester. It probably didn't help that I am a student at St. Mike's (my parents and my grandparents went there) and have been a staunch agnostic (hat) since I was fifteen. I was only seventeen, so even if I could have gotten over the whole Catholic thing, I still didn't have any ID, therefore anything with drinking involved had to be ruled out. Having absolutely no idea how to meet people - in class it was never very easy for me to simply strike up a conversation - I just didn't bother trying to meet anyone.

I did actually meet a few people, and they were nice. I just never really clicked with someone in my first two years. I figured maybe I would join a club or something, but I simply couldn't find one that interested me. Maybe I didn't look hard enough, but there it is. I was having a hard time getting decent grades and was convinced that everyone in my classes was absolutely brilliant and that I had only gotten into U of T by some bizarre aberration of the system. This system, as far as I was concerned, was a big, fat, scary bureaucratic one that didn't give a shit about anyone anyway. Maybe I was just feeling sorry for myself. Truth is, I just didn't try very hard. That was probably the biggest mistake I could have made.

Second year was better than first, but nothing really great, at least as far as school was concerned. My grades went up, and I gained a bit more confidence, although I didn't increase my efforts all that much. The summer before third year started, I started thinking about the school year and how I wasn't really looking forward to it all that much. I don't remember exactly where or when, but I had an epiphany.

I realized that I no longer cared what anyone thought. This was perhaps the wisest conclusion I had come to in my entire illustrious university career. And you know what? It worked. Last year, instead of sitting in my tutorials and not saying a word, I stuck my hand in the air and had my say, regardless of what the completely obnoxious person sitting next to me had to say about it. Instead of walking into each class with my head down, I kept my head up - and actually started conversations with people who looked interesting. When someone spoke to me, I didn't just give one word answers. Smoke breaks are actually a great place to meet people - and you already have one vice in common.

I came to university thinking that it would be an "institute of higher learning" where I would "broaden my horizons". What a load of crap. University is exactly like high school only now you're legal. And you have to pay for it, too.

It's not as bad as all that. It can totally suck - like when you make an appointment with someone in the registrar's office and they cancel three weeks in a row, or when you've got an assignment due tomorrow and you haven't really read everything and its worth thirty percent of your mark. But it can also be really cool - like when you get your first "A" on an essay you worked really hard on or when you go out for coffee with that person from class and they turn out to be pretty cool. No one's first impressions can ever be totally bang on. Mine certainly weren't. U of T is what you make it.

I went to my first "school function" this past week - at Innis - and I actually had a good time. I met a girl last year from Innis and she kept at me to actually get out there. She got me into writing for the paper. She introduced me to a few of her friends from Innis. She made me hang out after class. She helped me to realize that - no matter what my first impression was - I was going to get out of U of T what I put into it. Since I realized that, I've been having a damn good time.

But to be young was very heaven

Sabra Ripley

The first week of September has come and gone. The frantic antics of frosh week have been played out, first year jitters have been exhausted, and two hundred frosh are preparing themselves to take the plunge, tired, hung over, and happy.

The week began in a state of organized chaos more commonly known as registration. Frosh leaders did their best to avert anarchy as anxious frosh waited their turn at this most holy right of passage. Upon completion of the registration ordeal the festivities began. Frosh were divided into color groups headed by frosh leaders which would compete with each other in various events throughout the week. After some organization the teams set off on their first event - a massive scavenger hunt which sent them out into the wilderness of Toronto. This game is to help the newcomers fine tune their survival skills and orient themselves in the concrete jungle. The returning hunters celebrated their catch at a Pub held in the Innis Caf where it was announced that the Green team had won the first event.

The following day saw frosh and frosh leaders crammed into banana buses en route to the Hart House Farm for Innis' most infamous frosh week event (see pertinent article). A night in the great outdoors is always a bonding experience, but when it includes swimming, hiking, cave exploring, sauna soaking, and various play day activities, it is also exhausting. As a result Thursday found the majority of the farm gang glued to their beds in blissful repose. By the evening, however, they were up and a'fem again, living out pipe dreams of being Madonna, Blind Melon, or Bananarama, at the yearly Karaoke Pub. (I would just like to take this moment to say that there is some fine vocal talent at our College which only gets better with increased alcohol consumption.)

On Friday, Innis frosh organizers and leaders breathed a sigh of relief as the almighty SAC took over the day's events - pelting the impressionable frosh with an over abundance of information in a carnival type environment. This year's SAC day ended in a colossal party with thousands of frosh and returning students packing the Hanger and spilling out onto the surrounding streets, one of which, Huron St., had been closed off to accommodate the crowd. Saturday the frosh were left to their own devices to explore their new domain. After what must be a day of adventures Innis provided the perfect venue for the exhausted students to kick back and relax with five movies running in the Town Hall from dusk 'till dawn - Braveheart, Clueless, The Usual Suspects, Happy Gilmore, and Ferris Bueller's Day Off.

By Sunday the week was winding down. Innis provided it's last frosh feast of pizza and wings at the college where the overall winners of the frosh games were announced, with the prize, an all expense paid meal, going to the Green team.

This year's frosh week, though chaotic, was an undoubted success. Frosh and frosh leaders alike were caught up in a whirlwind week that will not be soon forgotten. Congratulations to the frosh week coordinators, Beth, Darren, Eugene, Heather, Keely, and especially Joel. These are the people who kept the ball rolling, despite sleeping less during the week than the most hard core party frosh.

On Monday, Innis frosh begin their first year of University during which they will experience all the trials and tribulations of young souls prostrate to the higher mind. Hopefully the past week will have helped to give them a sense of friendship, strength, and belonging that will make this momentous experience an enjoyable one.

Honest — In us, Onus, Innis

Rez Prez Sez:

By the time you read this, if you are a residence student, you will have spent almost three weeks living at Innis. I hope that everyone this year, whether in first or upper years will enjoy and take full advantage of the newest residence U of T has to offer. I am writing to tell you about student government at the residence, and how you can make a positive difference to student life at the rez.

You will have already heard some of this while sitting through that Monday morning meeting in the Town Hall, but for those who didn't wake up until the sex-ed scenarios I'll repeat and clarify some information. There are five positions on the executive of the Innis Residence Council: Prez, Vice-Prez, Secretary, Treasurer, and Activities Co-ordinator. There are also six positions available to residents, one per house, as house representatives. Whenever the I.R.C. makes a decision, it is these eleven who vote. Most of this stuff is written out in the Innis Residence Council Constitution, available for everyone to look at, either in the office or at any member of the exec's suite (Darren - 527, Jennifer and Heather - 513, Tatyana - 601, Joanna - 223).

The issues which are voted on largely concern exactly how to spend the over \$13 000 available in our budget, which is raised each year through a mandatory \$40 fee included in each resident's fees. In previous years, council has designated \$500 per house to be decided upon separately in each house; this is something we'll consider again this year. Some of last year's residence-wide events included ski trips to Blue Mountain, a free-for-all pub at the Madison Tavern, bus trips to bars in neighboring cities, and billiards tournaments in the residence. All the mentioned events are prime candidates for repetition this year. In addition, I have talked to a number of people who are very interested in having an off-campus music/talent night at a local bar.

So far, the only spending your council has done this year was on Frosh week, in cooperation with the I.C.S.S. This included the Monday BBQ and the Wednesday morning breakfast. By the way, thanks to all the Frosh who came out and had an amazing time. Here are the winners of the name game which went on Monday night: Jenn Walter, Christina Haldane, Nisha Mookan, Dana D'Cunha, Rick Slater, and Dina Handan. Congratulations to everyone else who managed to get 100 signatures, something I didn't think possible when I made up the topics (I have a feeling that people got creative about some of the categories).

Lastly, I want to encourage everyone in residence to help council make this year the best ever the rez has ever seen (this is its third). You can make a difference by using the common rooms, being friendly, and if you have any plans on how to spend cash and throw parties/events, tell your house rep or, even better, come to council meetings (which are always announced on the white board in the residence lobby). I feel like I'm leaving out way too much, so if anyone ever has questions about Council stuff, general U of T student government, philosophy (my area of studies - 3rd year), or anything else give me a call at 351-7097, come by room 527, or e-mail me at d.abramson@utoronto.ca

Sports At U of T: An Obscure Tradition

W. N. O'Higgins

This University has a strong athletic program but, like many of U of T's services, it is poorly advertised. For most sport-minded individuals, their involvement with U of T athletics is haphazard at best, and they are reduced to seeking out information from a tangled and poorly informed bureaucracy. With this article, the Innis Herald intends to shed some light on the tremendous opportunities that athletics at this university represents.

Athletics does not exclusively mean sports, and it certainly does not mean a high level of competition and pressure. Aside from Varsity sports this university offers: an extensive intramural program; opportunities for learning how to participate in dance, martial arts or sports; weights; aerobic machines; fitness classes of several types; and open, pick-up style sporting opportunities. Intensity levels are available from the most relaxed and non-competitive to the most intense. Aside from the difficulty of finding information about these athletic opportunities, U of T provides some of the best and most diverse options available. You paid for all of this, so you might as well learn how to use it.

Athletic Center & Hart House

The Athletic Center (occupying the block bounded by Spadina and Classic avenues and Harbord and Huron streets) and Hart House (located on Hart House Circle, just East of University College) are the central locations for athletic ac-

tivity at the University. They provide services too extensive for this article to list. These services include swimming, athletic instruction of several varieties and drop-in sports games. Both the Athletic Center and Hart House publish extensive guides to their services, and General Inquiries can be made by phone at 978-3436 and Hours Information can be obtained on a recorded message at 978-3437.

Intramural Athletics

Intramural Athletics are sports played between the colleges and faculties of the university. They range from extremely competitive to very relaxed and fun, perfect for the absolute beginner. Innis College practices a very open, welcoming style when participating in these sports, accepting all who wish to play and providing a positive and fun atmosphere for the participants. There are three divisions in Intramurals: men, women and co-ed. Co-ed athletics is the perfect forum for the student who is interested in playing a sport in a relaxed, fun and easy manner, and it is ideal for learning a new sport without the pressure to perform. All students are welcome to play on the Co-ed Teams, which are: Basketball, Volleyball, Doubles Tennis, Softball, Broomball, Ultimate Frisbee and Inner-Tube Water Polo. The women's and men's leagues can be more competitive than the co-ed, but the same attitude of fun-first, all welcome is still present. The men's and women's sports do not always overlap, and if any woman or man is interested in playing a sport that is not offered for their gender specifically they are welcome to apply for playing rights in the other league. Especially in men's sports, and to some extent in women's, the intramurals are divided into divisions so that people can play their sport at a

level that they are comfortable with and is competitive. In Men's Sports the teams are: Touch Football, Soccer, Rugby (Innis is the defending champion in their division), Hockey, Basketball, Volleyball, Softball, Beach Volleyball, Golf, Badminton, Tennis, Lacrosse, 4 on 4 Volleyball, Water Polo, Indoor Soccer, Squash and Tennis and Badminton Doubles. In Women's Sports the teams are: Soccer, Field Hockey, Touch Football, Hockey, Basketball, Volleyball, Beach Volleyball, Golf, Badminton, Tennis, Indoor Soccer, Ball Hockey, Squash and Badminton and Tennis Doubles.

Varsity Sports

If you are interested in playing your particular sport at a higher level, consider Varsity Athletics. U of T has many fully funded Varsity sports for both women and men, and in addition to this there are several Varsity Clubs that compete on an inter-collegiate level. For Varsity Sports Information, call 978-3443.

Sports Medicine Clinic

If by some unhappy chance you are injured in the course of any activity or sport U of T has a fully-staffed sports medicine clinic to help you get back on your feet quickly. This service is available to all U of T Students, and they are very good at getting athletes of all skill levels back playing their particular sports. To inquire about the Sports Medicine Clinic, call 978-4678.

Remember, "All work and no play makes Jack/Jill a dull Boy/Girl," so remember to make time to exercise. It is often a small time commitment that will see you happier, healthier and more able to do what you came here to do... (don't laugh)... learn.

The Farm: Innis Tradition Lives On

Almost promptly at twelve-thirty (well, more like twelve-to-one) on Wednesday, three banana yellow school buses left Innis laden with merry jelly-donut-tossing revelers. Little did the intrepid, pastoral explorers know that they were in for an Innisation of sorts; at the farm anything can happen and more often than not, it will.

After the work project was completed (and enough wood was gathered for a small army) the troop lined up like cannon fodder, ready to be subjected to the perils and perks of playday. The events brought back fond memories of elementary school (but where did all that energy go?) Few serious casualties were reported, but the egg race claimed the lives of no less than six eggs. The spin-around-the-bat event had people flying in all directions... nothing brings people closer together than a little collective dizziness, huh?

The caves and swimming ponds provided appealing visuals for the outdoorsy types after the consumption of another round of burgers and dogs. Satisfyingly dark, but sadly not too long, the caves were pronounced by most as worth the walk, and the ponds were cool, fresh and as picturesque as ever. The sauna, an institution of Innis students since the advent of Farm excursions, proved to be its usual sweaty mecca (who slept in there this year? digression: after four visits to the farm, this was the first time I slept inside... not that my nocturnal activities are of any importance to anyone, but that should prove telling in the nature of the goings-on at the farm) As the energetic people checked out the ponds and stuff, the chillin'-out mellow people basked in the beautiful sunny day up by the farm buildings, some starting the festivities a little early.

Capture the flag at seven and almost seventy espionage enthusiasts tested their running, sneaking and hiding skills on two mammoth fields where Red, Black, Blue and Green faced White, Purple, Yellow, Orange, Honey and Teal. A frenzied surge of collective energy later, people retreated to the comparative calm of the ponds and saunas, the house and the DJ's or the cold beers waiting in the fridge.

The music was provided by the Innis resident DJ's (Lauren, Jed and Jon) until the live acts took the stage. 29 Pictures rocked the foundations of the building in their first farm appearance and Innis alumni band Alvy jammed into the wee hours. Those bloody DJ's didn't stop playing music until the sunrise, the sounds of revelry lasted even longer.

It was a weary bunch that woke up the next morning. It's actually all a blur to me. I think I slept on the bus - but I can't really remember. This is the way of the Farm. Anything in the name of tradition...



The Orifice of Sound

Two shots of Le Cure up your Ass

Sonya Macmillan

A gaunt crowd of creatures clad in chains emerged from the far ends of the city to witness the Cure in action. Voice-like guitar riffs wailed across the smoky cave of Varsity Arena last Monday to the delight, or should I say tribulation, of the hundreds who gathered there. The arena, transformed into a subterranean passage between physical existence and the world of the surreal, was packed to capacity creating a hotbox of bodies bathing in each other's sweat. Despite having to fight to maintain consciences due to the heat, The Cure successfully set the stage for their performance. The crowd, engulfed by earth, air, water and fire by a spectacular light show and surreal set, swooned to a pocket of sound coming from some seemingly unknown source. The show carried itself for an impressive three and a half hours with no opening act. Each performer, in perfect sync, seemed aware of their spectators by treating them with equal love and respect. At thirty six bucks a pop, The Cure seemed to draw out it's most devoted fans, and we were certainly given our money's worth. An equal mix of both old and new songs, each averaging seven minutes long, seemed to cast a spell over the audience. In a hypnotic trance some swayed, some danced, and some stood fixated on the spot. Overall, the highly anticipated return of The Cure certainly didn't leave us hanging, much to the relief of those who couldn't spring the cash to see them at Edenfest. Insatiably, we may now rest in peace until their next release. For-ever! The Cure!

by Milena Placetile

The venue had not yet fallen to dark when the sweet smells began to fog the room. Damned roadies played with our emotions by running tests on the lighting and smoke equipment. Each time the stage clouded over, roars of divine worship were heard from the sea of black. Just as the crowd was beginning to slow down, the arena lights were replaced with spots.

Five figures appeared on the stage: Simon, Perry, Roger, Jason and finally their ringleader. As small as he may have seemed, he was larger than life. I have seen God, and he wears a Leaf's jersey. His name is Robert Smith.

Before anyone could even begin to absorb the mere fact that a superior being stood before them, the band threw themselves with full vigor into the first song: 'Want, Dancing in the aisles, screams and shouts professing undying love, eyes transfixed with admiration - the show had started.

A more complete meld of vintage and new I could never imagine. From Three Imaginary Boys right up to Jupiter Crash and all the beautiful Goth in between, there was something for everyone (including the grumpy forty-somethin' toker behind me). My personal passions were fulfilled. When the stage streamed green, I knew my time had come: From the Edge of the Deep Green Sea, and not too long after came the classics that I have adored since the tender age of twelve: The Kiss, Just like Heaven, and Charlotte Sometimes.

Even for someone like myself who was disappointed with the latest release, Wild Mood Swings, I can certainly speak for all when I say the Cure live is better than ____ (you fill in the blank). But, let's put it this way: at one point during the encore, Robert threw himself to the ground, and laying there, he continued to sing. His voice, a heaven-sent aphrodisiac, made me not the only girl tempted to rush the stage.

The show, in its entirety, lasted just under three hours, but stupid me left before the second encore! What the hell kind of fan am I to have not stayed until I was forced out by security? Its just as well I suppose, because there was a phone call waiting for me the very moment I returned to residence. (Yes, I AM kicking myself in the ass right now!)

Lay It Down (on your Ass)

A Review by W. N. O'Higgins

This is the first studio album from the Cowboy Junkies in three years, and it is the first that is comprised wholly of their own music. Gone are the clever and evocative re-interpretations of blues or country standbys. They will be missed, but not deeply, and the album as a whole is better for their absence. This new offering sounds like the creation of a single mind, but luckily not a mind that is trapped by one style. Though the songs possess individual identity, they flow into one another beautifully, gently shaping a listener's mood as the words and music wash over them. Gone is the uniform darkness that has coloured their earlier recordings, which left behind a sense of variation and a current of richly textured words.

The Cowboy Junkies have not lost their sense of story, however, and several of the songs bear close examination of the lyrics, an examination which reveals a subtle sense of humour as the music shades the way that the poetry is received.

Hold On To Me, and Angel Mine are not remarkable songs when they are first heard, but on subsequent listenings they take on a new quality. Somehow, in the face of a thousand empty pop songs about the nature of relationships, these songs do more than ring true. It is easy to write a lyric that states a simple truism; it is another thing entirely to write a song that does more than remind the listener of something they lived or something that they saw on a sitcom. These songs instead remind the listener of the deep-seated fear that accompanies even the most loving and stable of relationships, without giving into the easy trap of maudlin self-pity or bitterness.

Musical Key reminds us that music is more than notes and sounds, but rather a state of being that can be expressed in as many ways as there are ways to be human. It is a rare thing for musicians to admit that theirs is not the only way to make music, but there is even more to this song than simple admission and honesty.

All told, Lay It Down is a strong effort from a band that is truly beginning to grow out of their roots, clearly displaying the potential that their previous six albums have hinted at. It will be interesting to hear what their next offering will be, though I hope that we need not wait another three years for it.



Does your band deserve to be reviewed in the Herald? If you're interested, leave information or come talk to us in Room 305, Innis College or leave a message at 978-4748. Publicity is a good thing.

Billy Ray Cyrus' Ass

birds
steal from their depression,
his orangutan? his fart?
why are insane pleasurable phony insects
besotted competitors?
because insects woe possibly.
this oaf is like his fact,
it receives from Heaven,
Billy Ray Cyrus pays for himself
just one calorie is not understanding his basis.
my own celestial enthusiasm shows
to their own contemplation
finished drums.
only a few animal anomalies?
my anal exposures?
Would you pay 61 dollars for more than one
achy breaky flower?
at least one opinion becomes achy and breaky.
at least one carcass today tenderly receives from
Billy Ray Cyrus
who lives for his allegorical fart
why are contentments farty cauliflowers?
because futures campaign.
must his ability subscribe to every capability?
your construct's rain hears,
at least one celery is like one ageless teacher.
it gives to my achy breaky fart

Where to Take Your Now-Full Ass

Dylan McKay and Susan Keats

A new school year is beginning, bringing with it a new group of students that are living in Toronto for the first time. If you are one of those students, you probably know that making Toronto into a home is just as important as getting good grades or (gasp) learning something. A big part of making a city into a home is finding places to spend leisure time. As great as Innis residence is (if you're in another residence, I am so sorry for you!), Toronto offers some great entertainment to supplement the Pool room and the big screen TVs. Music wise, there are two general types of places to get a break from the grind; the first is the dance club, and the second is the live music venue.

Toronto's dance music scene is an interesting example of a musical dichotomy, cheese and fromage. There are umptreens of huge dance-complexes like the Whiskey Saigon (Duncan and Richmond) and the Docks (off Cherry St.) which feature poppy dance DJs, awful house music (ooh ooh baby baby omigod you drive me crazy) and the most unfortunate form of music, wino-beats. There are a few cheese clubs with good nights for dancing: Joker, the Oz, Velvet Underground (sometimes), Boda and if you're feeling brave or you think you're Donna from 90210 try Industry. The Sanctuary plays freaked out Industrial and Goth music and scores big on ambience (go on, I dare you to find out). Other small off-the-beaten track club-type places include the Beat Junky, the Fluid Lounge on Fridays the Cervejaria on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. For current info, check the most recent Now magazine.

In terms of live music, the undisputed kings of the scene (Skydome excepted) are the Ultrasound and the Horse-shoe. Both of these clubs book music based on its quality and can be counted on to give the audience a good show. In contrast, while Lee's Palace does get some very good bands, their official booking policy is that they don't care how good or terrible a band is. If it can draw a crowd that buys beer, they can play Lee's Palace. This means that your night out at Lee's may end up being spent watching a bunch of no-talent goofs with lots of friends jump around on a stage. It may be your idea of a good time, but it's not mine. Another good club is the El Mocambo. It's located on Spadina, just south of College. It's close enough to walk to and hosts the legendary Elvis Mondays. Monday nights, the El Mocambo has a new band night where just about anybody can play, but unlike Lee's Palace, cruddy bands only spend 20 minutes being annoying. Each band gets a 20 minute set. The result is a lot of variety, and if you don't like a band, they'll be done by the time you get back from the washroom. It's also free.

The Cheapest, Easiest, Quickest Cooking Ever

by a Very Cool Mom

Short of money? Low on pantry supplies? Never fear: you can eat well and impress if necessary with a bag of goodies from the local 24 hour grocery store. Keep it simple and remember, presentation is all! (all prices and ingredients are approximate... improvise!)

Picadinho (serves 2 — \$2-\$2.50 per person)

This means "all chopped up" in portuguese. This peasant dish was made with copious amounts of leftover stewed beef and the proverbial beans and rice. It's merely been adapted to the time and pantry restraints of the rushed, the urban and the broke.

- 1 1/4 cup rice (and 2 and a half cups of boiling water)
- 1 tin black beans
- 1/2 lb. of Ground beef
- 1 large onion
- 2 cloves garlic, chopped (dehydrated is adequate if that's all you have)

1. Sauté onion well in oil with garlic and set aside half for the beans.
2. Add meat to half of the sautéed onion and brown.
3. Add rice and stir well for one minute.
4. Add water, and simmer for two minutes.
5. Put the lid on the pan and let it simmer 13 minutes, stirring occasionally.
6. Check. When the water is absorbed you will have little craters in the top of your rice. No craters? Keep simmering until water dries.
7. Warm partly drained beans with reserved onion.
8. Serve beans on rice and meat mix.
9. If you want to do a little bit extra, chop one tomato with a bit of onion, one tablespoon each of oil and vinegar and a bit of parsley. Serve on the side.

Potato Bake (serves 4 as a main course — \$2 per person)

- 4 medium sized potatoes, sliced
- 1 package of frozen, chopped spinach, thawed and squeezed fairly dry
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 6 ozs. cheddar or gruyere cheese, sliced
- 3 ozs. butter
- 1 1/2 cups milk or evaporated tinned milk
- salt and pepper

1. Set oven to 375°.
2. Grease ovenproof dish with butter.
3. Layer potatoes, spinach, onions and cheese and repeat with knobs of butter here and there. Add salt and pepper between layers.
4. End with a cheese layer and more butter bits.
5. Pour 1 1/2 cups of milk over the dish.
6. Bake for 1 - 1 1/2 hours until golden, crusted and soft.

Oleo Chicken (serves 2 — cheap if the chicken is on sale)

- 2 chicken quarters
- 1 onion, chopped
- 4 tbsp soya sauce
- 1 clove garlic, minced

1. Sauté garlic and onion in oil in a heavy pot or frying pan.
2. Add chicken and brown very well.
3. Add soya sauce and water.
4. Cover with lid and simmer for 20 minutes or more until chicken is tender (poke it with a fork).
5. Serve with rice or pasta (instructions on package).
6. Don't forget your veggies.

September Swing

What a mad summer. Almost every night someone, somewhere was hosting a party for us slaves to the robot pimp. Big parties, small parties, house parties, and beach parties so many parties, so much fun to be had. I would dance my summer nights away, all weekend, all summer long. There was always a space with happy people, and wicked thumping beats. Summer raving is like nothing else. The evening is so nice and warm, there is never any rush to get to the party and there is definitely no rush to leave. Sunday afternoons after a long night of dancing are to be filled with mellow beach/pool sessions and oodles of fun activities like Fimo sculpting and visiting the C.N.E. I love the summer.

Alas, the summer is over. Fall is here. With her comes the sacred harvest, Thanksgiving, Halloween (stay tuned for a very special Haunted House Part-e) and of course, school. As I sit down to write this article, this point seems to be the most predominant thought in my head. Sitting in front of a computer typing is something that I haven't done in four months and it is depressing. However, there is a shiny, furry, silver lining to every cloud. There are a whole swell of wicked fall parties coming up...

Next weekend, September 14, there are two parties I have heard of in the Metro area. Escape is bringing in GEORGE MOREL, DEEP DISH, and DJ EMILY for their Sonic Quest party. As far as I know, this is their first party so I cannot give any opinion other than compliment them on a cool flyer. There is a licensed area for those wishing to booze at the party? They have assembled a nice list of Toronto talent to entertain the crowd and it looks to be a safe party. Also on Saturday night, the good people at Liquid Adrenaline bring you 'Back 2 Back 2'. They are bringing back CUT CREATOR, "fresh off his world tour with LL Cool J," DANIEL and ZKY, THE STICKMEN, plus back 2 back sets from some of the best Toronto DJ's. Liquid Adrenaline has been providing great music, and fun parties every few months for the last year and a half, and they keep the cost down for you, only \$12 in advance. Don't forget your whistle or your dancing shoes this is going to be a kickin' night. For the more adventurous ravers out there, Famile brings you 'Keep on Running' in Buffalo, New York. They are featuring the sounds of DJ HIPPE and ERIC DAVENPORT plus a whole slew of other U.S. talent. I've never checked out the Buffalo scene but I have heard it's small and hardcore. It's always worthwhile to hop in a car and drive to another city and infiltrate their scene for a night. When you travel a distance to a party the anticipation causes adrenaline to kick in as soon as you hit the road. The result is being able to naturally rush your ass off while checking out something so familiar yet, totally foreign. For info call 716-888-8628.

On the Twenty-first of September T.R.C.K. presents Good Shades of Noom. From Germany, COMMANDER TOM and ANDY TRAX will spin as well as the GLOVER BROTHERS, James and Matt from the U.K. and DV8 from New York will be headlining the party. They have also assembled a thumping collection of Toronto DJ's to get your booty shaking. Should be a real big party with two phat rooms packed with sweating bodies and hard eclectic beats. On the smaller side, there is a small party at the Rivoli on Queen St. to celebrate Jon Bronski's Birthday. Lots of good music, and a small intimate crowd, should make this a good place to chill on a Saturday night.

The following weekend offers fun both Friday and Saturday night. Garage is being held on September 27 at Scooters Rollerworld at HWY 27 and Albion Rd. From Ministry of Sound in London, MARTIN RUSSELL and ANDY MAC as well as EMILY NG and CHRIS HARSHMAN from the U.S.A. who will be flying in to entertain those attending this phat party. Lots of good locals will keep the party hopping all night long. Then Saturday night, you got to be 'In the Mood to Swing.' This party by RNB sounds styling with a Swing room featuring DAEMON, GREG EVERSOU, KEN COOKE and ODESSY. The Mood Room features, SPLIT P-SOUP, HOOKER, ADAM DAVIS, STRETCH, and KOOL MAC. Their flyer proclaims Visuals and Percussion attractions which I have missed at most other Toronto parties. They also mention that this party is a "drum friendly environment" so bring hand drums and all your positive energy and get ready to swing.

Destiny is holding their sixteenth party the first Saturday of October. DAVE TRANCE, MR KLEEN, SCOTT RICHMOND, DV8, AND DJ HARDWARE will be the guest DJ's for the evening. They have assembled a spectacular line up of local talent to keep the groove alive. I do not have much faith in this party as it seems to add to the monotony which so many large Toronto parties create. Musically the party will be rad, but whether Destiny will go the extra mile to make this party special is yet to be seen. For a kick ass night I suggest a slight one hour road trip to Kitchener, Ontario to check out Big Banana Productions' Acid Stomp II. JON WILLIAMS, DWYNN, HUG, ASHLEY, T-1000, MIKE HUCKABY, NAV, ROO, AND CHAMELEON will provide musical entertainment. Acid Stomp II, get down, make love promises to be an intimate affair, maximum capacity is 800, for those "beautiful people who believe in the power of love, dance and music." There is a free after party running throughout the next afternoon with a full, phat line-up of DJ's. This party is one not to miss so check it out. For info call 519-570-5176

Hopefully, that covers most of the major parties happening up until our next issue of the Herald. If I have missed your party, I apologise but I never found your flyer, next time send a copy into our office. September and October are going to be filled with lots of fun events for children of the electronic age. So, if you are trying to decide on a party to go to, think about what you like to do with your night. Then find the party which seems to offer the most of what you like. I hate running into someone at a small gathering only to hear them bitch about the lack of a massive speaker tower to nish in front of for eight hours straight. Or even more annoying is being a Goa party and having people sitting by themselves listening to Jungle tapes on a walkman. Everyone has different tastes and preferences, respect that and all is good. Wherever you do land up make sure you come and go with Peace, Love, Unity, and Respect and positive energy. Be safe and smart and make sure to have as much fun as possible.

Apple Crisp (serves 4 as dessert — 50¢ - \$1 per person)

- 8 apples, cored and chopped into 1/8" pieces or smaller
- 1 1/4 cup oats
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup sugar

1. Set oven to 350°. Grease pan with butter.
2. Bake apples with 2 tbsp of water in oven for 20 minutes. Add a pinch each of cinnamon and nutmeg.
3. In a bowl, rub oats and sugar with butter until there are little plums the size of small peas.
4. Cover cooked apples with crumb mixture.
5. Bake for 20-25 minutes and check to see if its golden, gooey and oozy sweet. If it is, eat and enjoy.
6. If you have ice-cream, cream or even cheddar cheese, you can fancy this up.



Cinema Special

Ian's Top Ten Video Rental Recommendations

1. **Goldfinger** - First and foremost, the finest film among the James Bond 007 films. Sean Connery performing in his heyday. He is about as sexist as they come but that can be overlooked because he is the personification of cool. The storyline is fabulous, the settings are spectacular and Goldfinger has one of the best bond girls of all time - Honor Blackman as Pussy Galore. Drink Martinis and smoke turkish tobacco while watching this film.
2. **Sid and Nancy** - Gary Oldman plays Sid Vicious (dead, no-talent, heroin addict bass player for the Sex Pistols) in what was, surprisingly, the role he was most sober. Chloe Webb is Nancy (forget her last name), Sid's stupid, no-talent, heroin addict girlfriend. One of the finest things to come out of this movie was the title track "Love Kills (Sid and Nancy)" by Joe Strummer (formerly of the Clash). Watch for Courtney Love as the screaming, no-talent, heroin addict that she really is. Drink anything, smoke tobacco, smoke pot, but please don't mainline heroin for this movie.
3. **State of Grace** - Gary Oldman, Sean Penn, Ed Harris, Robin Wright. Need I say more? If you liked anything Quentin Tarantino wrote then you will like State of Grace. It is about the Irish Mob in Hell's Kitchen and if I'm not mistaken, this movie led to Sean Penn and Robin Wright getting married. Drink Guinness and smoke Marlboros while watching this.
4. **Scarface** - This film is one of the quintessential gangster movies. Al Pacino as Tony Montana, the political refugee from Cuba who takes the American Dream very seriously. Two tapes are required to fit this long-ass flick. Michelle Pfeiffer puts in an excellent performance as a hardcore coke head. Do not miss this film. Drink anything, smoke Camels, but no cocaine please.
5. **Star Wars** - How can I choose just one of the three? These movies should be appreciated in order, in one sitting, with no distractions. Repeated watching will reveal strange scenes missing during the first few viewings. C3PO stroking his groin, fuzzy dice hanging in the cockpit of the Mellenium Falcon. These films set the standard for science fiction movies; Industrial Light and Magic was created specifically for this trilogy. These movies should always be experienced first under the influence of no intoxicants but after one or two viewings you may choose the mind altering substance of your choice.
6. **Apocalypse Now** - Martin Sheen, Marlon Brando, Dennis Hopper, Larry Fishburne. Again, need I say more? This movie is an adaption of Heart of Darkness by Joseph Conrad with a Vietnam setting. If you enjoy Apocalypse Now, rent Hearts of Darkness. It's a documentary about the making of Apocalypse Now and contains a classic scene of Marlon Brando stopping a scene and exclaiming "I think I swallowed a bug." This film makes a point of showing you how fucked up war is. The point is made loud and clear. I believe it was Harvey Keitel who was originally going to star, but after a week of filming, Harvey was given the boot and Martin Sheen took his place. Martin had a heart attack during filming and Francis Ford Coppola had a nervous breakdown. Drink anything and smoke tobacco of any kind.
7. **A Clockwork Orange** - Stanley Kubrick's adaption of Anthony Burgess' novel of the same name. Malcolm MacDowell (sp?) plays the lead role Alex, a young street punk in the dark future. Basically the first quarter of the movie is Alex and his friends beating the shit out of people and the rest is this fucked up rehabilitation process he goes through. This movie makes a whole lot of comments on society in general. Drink milk while watching.
8. **Dazed and Confused** - The last day of scholl in 1976 in Texas provides the framework for this film about American youth. Mathew McConney turns in a star performance years before his role in A Time to Kill. This film is of classic proportions and must be viewed while smoking mad amounts of weed.
9. **Braveheart** - The sheer majesty of the scenery is enough to make this film worth watching. Besides, the film won best picture at the Oscars this year so it has to have some redeeming qualities. There's a Scottish beer called William Wallace that must be consumed during viewing.
10. **Reservoir Dogs** - Quentin Tarantino's first film, Harvey Keitel, Tim Roth, Chris Penn, Michael Madsen, Steve Buscemi (sp?). This movie is a classic. Have you seen Pulp Fiction? Did you see the brilliance? The roots of that movie are in Reservoir Dogs. Some of the most brilliant dialogue in cinema that I have ever seen. Smoke while watching this movie.

Trainspotting...

Steve Lloyd

The revolution on film... The best movie ever made... The quintessential documentation of the life of heroin addicts... The hype movie of the summer... No. It's a good movie. It's a good book. It has a good soundtrack. It's different from the trash that Hollywood has been spoon-feeding us for all these years. That's all.

Ever since I read Burroughs, I have had this morbid fascination with heroin. I would never do it, but the phenomenon of heroin, and it's use is interesting in the same way that a car crash is. Why would anyone do something like that to themselves? I've read numerous reports of ex-junkies, telling how horrible an affliction heroin addiction is, how it can take over your life, make you steal, rip off your friends and family, etc., etc. Near the beginning of the movie, Mark (our hero, and narrator) while telling us about those aspects of heroin, also says, "Don't get me wrong it is enjoyable, we're not stupid." And indeed they're not. They're charming, funny, witty, and most importantly, real. One of the real strengths of this movie, is that the characters are human, not pale images of need.

So what's it all about then? It would be difficult to talk about *Trainspotting* without talking about heroin, but that's not really what the movie is about. It's about people and change. The term 'trainspotting' started when bored English youth would stand by the train tracks and take note of the numbers of the trains that went by. Trainspotters then were anyone who paid a great deal of attention to trivial information. As Debbie (our hero's hot date) informed Mark, it's a new world out there. People are listening to different music, they're taking different drugs, they have different ambitions. But that's just trainspotting.



More Exciting News from The Film Festival

Steve Richman

On September fifth, the Toronto International Film Festival opened it's curtains once again in our fair city. The festival is enormous in the amount of material that is presented, with movies running at least sixteen hours a day, for over a week, in several theatres across Toronto. This year's Festival promises to bedazzle audiences with its massive collection of top international films. With well over a hundred films to choose from, it is impossible to see them all, let alone pick a gem. However, three days into the festival I have found time to see two movies so far.

KILLER TONGUE

On Saturday night, I caught Alberto Sciamma's *Killer Tongue* at the Uptown theatre for a Midnight Madness showing. It is one of the weirder movies I have ever seen. If I had seen it at a normal time, in a normal state of mind, I may not have enjoyed this film. However, the oddness of this film is so intense that the only audience that could have properly appreciated this movie was a late night partying crew. The movie is about a couple who get split up after a heist. The man goes to jail. His girlfriend waits for his release in hiding at a convent, which happens to have a gas station as its source of income. The main thrust of the plot is lost after Melinda Clarke's character eats part of a meteor in her soup. At this point in the movie, the focus changes and she turns into a half-alien, half-human being with a six-foot long talking tongue. Her four poodles also sample the meteor flavoured soup and turn into drag queens. The movie continues jumping between the different characters, each contributing to the story line as they search for their own freedom. Unfortunately, the silliness of the tongue and the drag queens helping it feed on innocent people, seems to dominate the film. Although the plot continues, it is slow and uneventful. There seems to be very little conflict to be resolved and parts of the film are fairly dry. Creative cinematography and good special effects kept the movie oddly exciting and baffling. It is an absurd, fun, scatterbrained movie which tries to do far too much with far too little. If you can catch another midnight madness showing, do so. If not, leave this movie for those odd people who are fascinated by super long killer tongues.

CURDLED

I received a message early Sunday morning that if I wanted to see Quentin Tarantino's new film to meet at the Varsity theatre at three in the afternoon. I managed to meet up with my friends who were waiting at the front of the line. Quickly, I learned that Tarantino was no more that the Executive Producer and really it was Reb Braddock who directed this film. I wasn't disappointed. *Curdled* tells the story of Colombian born Gabrielle, played by novice actress Angela Jones, and her fascination with death. Her tell-tale eyes and little girl fascination keep your attention while her adorable wit charms you. After moving to Miami she finds a strange attraction to a serial murderer. Her morbid interest leads her to land a job with Post Forensics Cleaning Service, a company responsible for cleaning up murder scenes. William Baldwin's role as the suave playboy Serial Killer who enjoys beheading rich women is slightly overplayed. Gabrielle's obsession with the murderer heightens when her job brings her to the crime scene of Baldwin's most recent victim. As each of the main characters see into each other's life they become entangled in their morbid fascinations. Although parts of the movie seem to drag, the upbeat salsa soundtrack keeps the energy level high. This movie is super witty in its dialogue, camera movement, and direction. It may never win any awards, but overall it is original, fresh and enjoyable.

In Passing: Death, Authorship, Cinema

W.P.

"I sat outside in the hall. Everything was gone inside of me. I did not think. I could not think. I knew she was going to die and I prayed that she would not. Don't let her die. Oh, God, please don't let her die. I'll do anything for you if you won't let her die. Please, please, please, dear God, don't let her die. Dear God, don't let her die. Please, please, please, don't let her die. God, please, make her not die. I'll do anything you say if you don't let her die. You took the baby but don't let her die. That was all right but don't let her die. Please, please, dear God, don't let her die." E. Hemingway, *A Farewell to Arms*

"You only live twice. Once when you are born, and once when you stare death in the face." I. Fleming, *You Only Live Twice*

"No one is going to take my death away from me. With its shadow in front of me I am forced to live each day." S. Lem, *Magellan's Nebula*

"I came from you and I return to you, a feeling born of light, of warmth, baptized with a wail of joy, recognized as Pier Paolo at the beginning of a frenzied epic ... and in death every act proved itself entire and lost its life to regain it. And life was real only if beautiful ... You isolate me, you give me the certainty of life, I'm on the stake, I play the card of fire ..." P.P. Pasolini, *Fragment: To Death*

Death as absence; as denial; as grief; as resolution. Heidegger began his meta-physics with a single question, "Why is there anything rather than nothing?", what happens when we transcribe it into a human world. Why is there anyone rather than no one? Why a me when rather than not a me? A me when there is no longer a you? Absence. No, you can't be gone! Denial. What am I going to do without you? Grief. I feel you are with me still. Resolution. Kirilov did not taste these questions in his Samovar brew as he waited for dawn; perhaps they sat on the walls of Elsinor; perhaps they walked alongside Hardy in 1912; perhaps they slept beside Hemingway in Milan; perhaps they visited Wilde in Reading; but, they do come to each of us sooner or later.

In *Life is Elsewhere*, Milan Kundera asks himself, "How was the poet conceived?", and proposes three alternatives: a) in the shade of a rock, b) on a park bench, c) at the poet's father's friend's flat. In a similar spirit let us venture to address the complimentary question, namely, "How does the poet die?" To do this we must cease to regard the death of the poet (author) as a mere trope. To begin with, the author-as-text survives the author-as-man (so sung the immortal Pindar), and yet, the text threatens the man's tangible identity during his life, as a tombstone may threaten as it awaits its owner. If textualization photographs the author's "soul," then his "soul" senses mortal danger (in this light the photophobia of primitive tribes shows uncommon wisdom). Would Stratford permit its cherished Shakespeare another life if it were to come at a price of his tragedies, Manet at the price of his portraits, Schubert at the price of his songs? The author-as-text takes precedence over the author-as-man, and the author-as-man feels this weight. All writing may thus be viewed as a process of dying (a condensation of identity), a wilful, self-imposed dying, a suicide which carries with it the penalty of having one's remains exhibited at the public crossroads, prey to on-lookers, biographers and newspaper columnists. The author dies twice -- his first death a human, his second a textual event; through the coincidence of the two events, the death of the author as experienced by his readers, becomes as moving, and as disturbing, as it is problematic.

In 1969, Krzysztof Kieslowski was no doubt dreading his third attempt at an entrance exam to the Lodz Film School, having failed to qualify in '67 and '68. He would say later, "Film School taught me how to look at the world. It showed me that life exists and that people talk, laugh, worry, suffer, steal in this life, that all this can be photographed and that from all these photographs a story can be told. I didn't know that before." By 1988, he held the leading place among Polish film makers, having lately completed his most ambitious project, a ten hour meditation upon the meaning of the ten commandments. My intention is not to present, assess or praise his work, as I am sure all three can, have, and will be done more competently by others, but to understand the empty but bitter sickness on opening a TimeOut at the Jericho Cafe last spring, and catching a boldfaced caption 'Remembering Kieslowski'. The passing of a man I have never met brought me to tears.

Prima facie there is kinship, not only of nationality, or environment, or temperament, but one that comes from prolonged, albeit one-sided, companionship, a learning of life from his films (Are they diminished now, are they less potent and direct, have they gained 'art' and lost 'life'?) Secondly, one can paraphrase Proust's peculiar epithet and venture to call K. the director's director; in *Amator* (Camera Buff, 1979) he

addresses the addictive power of film making. A young clerk's professional, personal and inner life is progressively upset as he turns his attention from his family, via home movies, to the world around him. A friend asks to see a short clip of his dead mother -- they have just returned from the funeral; he watches her shy image wave from a window, and utters his verdict on cinema, "You know, all this you do. It is wonderful. A person is dead. And yet she is alive." The film denies us any resolution -- in an intense ending scene, the man slowly pivots the camera onto himself and stares into the night of the lens.

The real reason, I think, lies with K.'s cinematic fascination with and anticipation of his own death. His family was blessed with a history of heart disease and the fatal heart attack came only as a matter of course. If the other great K. (no,



not Kleist) tells us that we are all on death roll with an indefinite reprieve, than K. received a reprieve which was less indefinite than that assigned to most of us; he decided against an appeal to a higher court (a less intense filming schedule), he made much of the joke that he was 'killing himself over this project (Three colours)', which now invests the Trilogy with a Mishima-like finality. He portrays, or rather incarnates, this situation for the first time in Dekalog IX: a young woman has a talent for singing and a heart defect, she faces the crossroads of either abandoning her singing career or submitting to a dangerous, and otherwise unnecessary operation. Significantly, her story is only a tangent of the main plot of the episode, which concerns her surgeon, who after learning of his permanent impotence and his wife's infidelity, begins to consider suicide.

"Do you know Mahler?"

"Yes."

"What about Van den Budenmeyer?"

"No."

"He's very difficult -- and I sing him."

At the next consultation, she voices a chilling phrase by V.d.B., as the camera slides down her forearm and rests on her left hand, her fingers touch and extend one by one as they count the beats of her heart.

"I think you should sing."

The final interview,

"I hate you."

"..Why?"

"You changed me. I feel I am someone else now. I want people to hear me sing."

In itself, the above sub-plot which occupies some 3 min of the 10 hour Dekalog might be easily passed over, except that K. returns to the story in *The Double Life of Veronique*, where the choice between life and art becomes embodied in the two Veroniques; the Polish Weronika dies on the stage during a concert, the French Veronique gives up singing entirely; I feel it is this choice alone which distinguishes them. In the mind of the other K. (not Kundera) a girl jumps of the tram and stretches her young, healthy body in the sunlight; a panther athletically struts across the shrunken carcass of the hunger artist. Although we were cheated of a man, he was not cheated of his own life. He taught us to live with our eyes

open and try not to cause pain, and for that we mourn his passing.

In as much as K.'s death could have been anticipated, the brutal murder of Pier-Paolo Pasolini in the 1975 could not. As an instance of Pasolini's influence let us look at Nanni Moretti's recent, loosely auto-biographical comedy, *Caro Diario*. After an episode in which Moretti tortures the conscience of a corrupt critic, we catch the first notes of a whispering piano; the screen shows a hand lifting newspaper clippings, one after another, on which we recognise the hard but warm features of the maker of *Medea* and *Il secondo vangelo* di Matteo. Moretti tells us that somehow he never visited the place of P.'s killing. The piano becomes clearer, and we recognise Keith Jarrett, one of the solo concerts -- yes, it is the Koln concert. We follow M.'s white Vespa down a sundried Ostia road, as it is the misfortune of most Italian beach roads to look in holiday August, with a wire fence on the left, a drink stand and a few garage doors on the right, and an occasional sandal carrying vacationer in between. Jarrett's solo develops and we are abandoned to recall P.'s glowing face, to miss him, even if unknown, to wonder who he was, why he died, what has become of the society that killed him. After five relentless minutes Moretti stops the Vespa, the camera passes through a fence, and looks onto a collapsing concrete sculpture, a monument to Pasolini's death.

From a masterful comedian such as M., this sort of thing is unusual. When at the February review of his films at the National Film Theatre in London I asked him about the role and importance of Pasolini to him personally. I sensed right away by the reaction of the mostly Italian audience a faux pas, or rather *uno sbaglio*, had been committed; the laughter, still ringing from the previous response died quickly, as did M.'s smile -- I think we both felt embarrassed. After a while, "For me and for many Italian people Pasolini meant a great deal. In his early films and his late writings he showed us how to think in a new way, to see the world in a new way." The tension left his face and I don't think I imagined the slight sigh of relief, perhaps gratitude, from the crowd. He might have mentioned Pasolini's *cri de coeur* against oppression, or his highly idealist *Fragmento alla Morte* (*Fragment: To Death*), "I came from you and I return to you, a feeling born of light, of warmth, baptized with a wail of joy, recognized as Pier Paolo at the beginning of a frenzied epic ... and in death every act proved itself entire and lost its life to regain it. And life was real only if beautiful ... You isolate me, you give me the certainty of life, I'm on the stake, I play the card of fire ...". He might have added that P.'s first book of verse, *Le ceneri di Gramsci* (*The Ashes of Gramsci*), which signalled the birth of the New Italy movement in poetry, was also written in *memoria*, in that case of Antonio Gramsci, a brilliant cultural critic and founder of the Italian communist party, and written in a style which, if that is possible, resembles Moretti's long shot meditation.

Perhaps the death of a human for another human, if the one has had an influence on the other, is more of a death than if no such influence existed. It is even more so if each engages in an activity which envelops him entirely, and develops him sequentially, i.e. in author-ing. A teacher's death may shape the student's identity more effectively than years of thought, work, or study; it forces him not only to comprehend, but also apprehend, the *raison d'être* of his master's art and preserve his essence from being forgotten. He enters a singular space of textual-human mortality which will remain for him always linked with the event of his teacher's passing. As such, his eulogy is bound to be exceptionally charged and personally revealing.

Kundera's poet, his mother named him Jaromil (beloved of spring), like Pasolini in his fragment dreams of a fiery, ecstatic, extinguishing death, -- "Must I die? Then let it be by fire!" For one of them, it was not to be. Jaromil drowns in his mother's tears. Perhaps Karl Jaspers (read Modernism) was mistaken, and truth, if there be a truth, is not to be found in boundary situations but rather in the mosaic of the common place; if so the cultural trends of recent decades are to be celebrated. We have re-mythified death when we thought we were de-mythifying it, and neutralised the power of words when we thought we were empowering them. Quintilian-like in their genius modern representations nearly achieve the asymptotic aim of cartoon reality: Wile E. Coyote falling again and again from mile high cliffs, vanishing into the adobe abyss of the Canyon only to produce a tiny puff of dust and totter from the screen with renewed determination. Fortunately, for most of us, death remains uncommon, and demands uncommon responses. We all die alone, but how we die affects (perhaps even effects) others, and how an author dies affects his critical audience (would Paul write his letters if Jesus were crucified at 73?, or Plato his dialogues if Socrates escaped from Athens?, or Stone his tribute to the Doors if it was Jagger and not Morrison dead in a bathtub?). The text-life membrane sounds the most audible expression of our semantic confusion, and it is through his death that an author can (still!) teach us the most; if we fail to grasp, to hold, to arrest him or her in the images of their own migration from clay to God, then it would be better neither to praise the *Snows of Kilimanjaro*, nor frown upon that final shot in Idaho.

Thirsty

Brewpubs of Toronto

An in-depth look at these Toronto Bars who brew their own for us

Toronto is a great place to live, and it is also a great place to drink beer. The downtown area is full of atmospheric pubs with atmospheric pubs that remind us of Britain, Europe, the Mediterranean and beyond. Arguably the best kind of pubs are brewpubs. These are establishments where beer is brewed on the premises for sale at the bar. Toronto has five great brewpubs, each producing its own style of lagers and ales. Each one will be discussed here, with notes about the pub and the homebrews and commercial taps. Toronto's brewpubs are: Al Frisco's, C'est What?, Denison's Brewing Company, the Granite Brewery and the Rotterdam.

Al Frisco's, 133 John St. The building where Al Frisco's is located houses Toronto's first brewpub, Amsterdam until it changed hands in 1993. Thankfully, Al Frisco's kept the brewing equipment and still brews its own fine beers. They usually have three standard house brews: Nut Brown Ale, Red Ale and Continental Lager (around \$5 plus tax). Unfortunately their house brew selection is not consistent; sometimes all of their beers will be on tap and sometimes none. The dark and malty Nut Brown is probably their best. A real meal-in-a-glass beer. The Lager is rather uninteresting, but still light and refreshing. They claim to have seasonal beers, but there are few, the Wheat in summer being the only regular one. Their commercial taps are nothing special, the only micros are usually Creemore and and Upper Canada, which are very expensive (\$6 plus).

Al Frisco's is a great looking place, very wooden with hanging plants and many "summerish" colours. They have a rather large patio, where you can watch the activity of John St. passing by. The downstairs is the restaurant, the upstairs the bar, but all food and house beers are available on both levels. They describe their food as "Pacific coast fare with a Mediterranean attitude," and this is pretty accurate. Al Frisco's has pastas, grilled pizzas, salads, and other entrees such as steak and seafood. Unfortunately Al Frisco's is probably the most trendy brewpub in Toronto, so more emphasis is put on filling the place on Friday nights (they are quite successful) than brewing interesting beers and maintaining good taps. However, it's still a nice place to have a beer and enjoy some fine food in a Mediterranean atmosphere.

C'est What?, 67 Front St. E. In my opinion, this is the best place to find and drink a great beer in Toronto. Located underground at the corner of Front and Church, C'est What? is the most patriotic alcohol supporter in Toronto. They have twenty taps of only Ontario microbrews (possibly a Big Rock too), five house brews and not a Molson or Labatt product to be found on the premises. C'est What? also brews their own wine and serves VQA wines as well. Being a beer connoisseur it is very humorous to see a patron come in late at night only to be told that their order for a Blue cannot be fulfilled. This is the pub for all true connoisseurs, with an educated staff promoting the drinking of fine beer (except a lecture on the dangerous strength of Niagara Falls Eisbock was unnecessary). They have two standard house brews, Coffee Porter and Mild Brown Ale. The Coffee Porter tastes like it sounds, much like the bean itself. It is a dark and chewy beer, the taste of the coffee beans coming out greatly. This beer is so popular that Oakville brewery Trafalgar is brewing and bottling the Coffee Porter on contract for sale in local liquor stores. Their other three homebrews can vary in styles, usually a cask-conditioned ale, plus others such as an India Pale Ale, a chocolate ale, or Belgian or British interpretations of various brews. Their commercial taps are also something to be marvelled at. As mentioned previously, all their taps are micro, usually all from Ontario. There are commonly one or two of Upper Canada, Hart, Niagara Falls, Brick, usually a cask-conditioned Wellington, and often beers from some smaller breweries such as Elora, Robinsons or Trafalgar. Just-opened micros such as Kawartha and Muskoka get a chance to prove their worth. Everything beery in C'est What? is worthwhile. It is a very noble and patriotic pub, truly Canadian-style. Prices here range from \$4 to \$5.50 plus tax.

The pub itself is divided into two sections, each with a separate entrance (one on Church, the other on Front.) The Front St. side is pure pub. The Church St. side is the band side, where there is live music virtually every night. There is a cover for the band side and shuffling between the two sections is not permitted. The mood of the pub is dark, being underground and not greatly lit. The walls are protruding brick, with a bottle wall, a library, old band posters and local artwork plastered all around. C'est What? also offers games to their patrons, ranging from cards to backgammon, Scrabble or Yahtzee. They publish their own newsletter, "What's Up?" with upcoming events and new developments in the pub. They host various beer/wine special events, such as beer tastings from regions of Canada and the world. Since opening in 1988, C'est What? has prided itself as being relaxed, straight forward and a little different. Definitely the place to check out.

Denison's Brewing Company, 75 Victoria St. Three restaurants form Denison's, Growler's Pub, Crazy Louie's Brasserie and Conchy Joe's. Growler's is downstairs, and has more of a pub atmosphere and menu than upstairs, which is a nice restaurant. The decor of the building is great, with grand ceilings and luscious chairs in Conchy Joe's, standard checkered tablecloth setup in Crazy Louie's, and dark and plush downstairs. Their brewing equipment is visible to all, being in the centre of the building. In Growler's the brewing equipment is very close to the seating, adding interesting viewing while in the pub. On to their beers. Denison's brews only lagers, but they are very high quality. With each table there is a description of all their beers and how they are made, but interestingly, included with this is a few paragraphs devoted to educating patrons about unfiltered beer. The document warns not to fear unfiltered beer since the yeast still remains and adds extra flavour. It is commendable that Denison's is attempting to educate mainstream drinkers to trying different things. Their flagship beer, Bavarian Lager is available unfiltered or filtered, if the patron does not feel convinced. The other year-round beer is Royal Dunkel, one of the darker lagers Denison's brews. Denison's also brews four seasonal brews. In spring, they brew their Bock, in summer, Weizen, in fall Oktoberfest and winter Marzen. Extra attention must be paid to their Weizen, which is one of Toronto's greatest local beers. The wheat is imported from Germany by a co-owner. The Weizen in turn develops a defining flavour of bananas, with hints of clove and lemon as well. Denison's Weizen is a wonderful creation, great for a hot summer day on the patio. Their home brews are pricey, at about \$5 plus tax.

The Granite Brewery, 245 Eglinton Ave. E. The sister brewpub to the Granite in Halifax, this brewpub offers fine ales in uptown Toronto. Located at the corner of Eglinton and Mount Pleasant on the ground floor of a office complex, the Granite is a large pub with a great patio overlooking the activity of Mount Pleasant. The decor is British: shelves of books line the walls with the odd fireplace for coziness. The brewtanks are also visible from the back room. All of the Granite's beers are ales, with five standards and two seasonals. The standards are Best Bitter, Best Bitter Special, Keefer's Irish Stout, Peculiar and Ringwood Ale. The Best Bitter is a fine bitter, the special edition version being dry-hopped. The Stout, named after Granite brewer Ron Keefer, is also tasty. The Peculiar is their interpretation of the British ale of the same name. The Ringwood was just introduced in 1996, and is a wonderfully tasty, light-coloured blonde ale (and cheap, at \$3.90 plus tax. The other homebrews are around \$4.50 plus tax). Their seasonals are the Summer

Good Beer Must Live on at Innis!

Blatant Propaganda for the IBCS

by Cass

In the summer of 1995, the Innis Beer Connoisseurs Society was just a dream. However, in the fall of that year good beer became a reality at Innis College. Replacing the dormant Innis Homebrew Society, the Innis Beer Connoisseurs Society is dedicated to the appreciation of the world's finest beers, appreciating them mainly through pub crawls around our fine city. Being an unproven and experimental club, the IBCS received a paltry budget, pennies compared to the amounts being allotted to other divisions of Innis. However, even with the budget, the IBCS organized and led four successful pub crawls over the '95-'96 school year. The IBCS crawled to Selynn's in September, the Rotterdam in December, Milwaukee's in January and a final bash at the Devil's Advocate on the last day of classes. The IBCS was also the only entity at Innis to organize social events from the time between the Halloween Pub and the Semi Formal in February. Without the IBCS, Innis would be significantly less exciting in '95-'96. Enough with the past. The IBCS wants to organize even more beery festive events this upcoming year. Events in the planning stages are: a trip to a new version of Oktoberfest, being held in the SkyDome, a trip to Niagara Falls Brewery, one of Canada's most interesting brewers, and more pub crawls around Toronto. We need the support of Innis to continue success. Come to the budget meeting in October and support the IBCS. Sign up on the IBCS sign up list. Good beer was a welcome addition to Innis culture last year. Good beer must live on at Innis!

The Innis Beer Connoisseurs Society is a social club dedicated to having a good time and sharing some laughs, all over a fine beverage. All Innis students are welcome to attend any and all IBCS pub crawls and festivities.

Ale and Winter I.P.A. The Granite's beers are simply fine ales, nothing more. They are not revolutionary nor extraordinary beers, but they taste great coupled with fish & chips on the patio on a warm summer night.

Rotterdam, 600 King St. W. Toronto's largest brewpub, the Amsterdam brewery upstairs and the Rotterdam pub downstairs. Amsterdam produces so much house brew the owners had to sell the Rotterdam (Canadian law prohibits breweries from owning pubs - imagine if Labatt and Molson owned all the pubs in Canada.) The Amsterdam brewery supplies beer to the Rotterdam and to many Toronto pubs. However, the Rotterdam is the best place to drink Amsterdam beer, as it is freshest and the selection is greatest. The Rotterdam brews many beers, any number of which could be available at any given time. Usually they have four regulars: Nut Brown Ale, Natural Blonde, Natural Light, and Wheat. The Nut Brown Ale is their most popular export to Toronto pubs and rightly so. It is a very tasty ale, with good malt flavour and a nice colour. The Natural Blonde is just an average lager, and the Wheat is just an average wheat. However, the seasonal and special beers are often great. Usually in summer they make two amber style beers: Dutch Amber and Highland Red. The Dutch Amber is slightly more flavourful than the Natural Blonde but not much better. The Highland Red is a better tasting brew. In the fall they produce an Oktoberfest, and in winter a Scotch Ale. Their Scotch is great, full-bodied with a great flavour. In spring they produce a Spring Bock, tasty but nothing too interesting. One of their most awaited beers is their Framboise in early summer. Unfortunately, for anyone who has savoured a true lambic, Rotterdam's Framboise does not measure up. It is bright red, and it seems more like a novelty beer than a real attempt of a lambic interpretation. It tastes like a Natural Blonde with a shot of raspberry syrup. Worth a try, but not mind-blowing.

The Rotterdam is situated in the lower level of the brewery, with brick walls on the inside and windows at the ceiling and the brew tanks visible from the tables. The patio is large and long, very peaceful for a downtown pub. They have good, reasonably priced food, ranging from pub grub of burgers and fish and chips, to pastas and other world cuisine. They also have the largest physical tap collection in Toronto (50) however only 25 or so are filled with commercial brews, and of these few are very spectacular. Most of the commercial taps are foreign imports (Heineken, Harp, Smithwicks, etc.) and mass Canadian brews. They have a few Canadian micros, usually Upper Canada, Creemore, Niagara Falls and Big Rock. It is unfortunate that now the number is down to 30, as in the past the Rotterdam has had up to 40 different beers on tap. Rotterdam also has what is probably the largest selection of bottled beers in the city (however very expensive.) Each table comes with a mini beer menu if samples are desired (3.4 oz. shots for \$2.78). The Rotterdam is a great brewpub however I just feel the need to criticize if the potential is there) with very good beers (cheap too - homebrews \$4.50/pint incl. tax) and good food. The house brew selection is usually changing, with one or two different beers to try each season along with their standards. A great place to go for a "Rotterdam Good Burger" and a few fine ales.

Until the Death of The Dog

by Naomi Rae Estreicher

1. The Big Labrador raced past him. It was much bigger and stronger than the short man. It ran out of the park quickly, but soon came. Much like a lost puppy, it stood at the park gates with its tail between its legs, only it growled and scared all who passed by it.

2. The dog could overpower him. It would merely jump up on him and the guy would topple over. But one day, while in the park, he was pleased to see that when he was being wrestled to the ground one little child noticed. "I do not see," the child screamed, "any blood yet. The dog is not doing a very good job."

Wishing not to upset the child, he pulled the dog's tail.

3. As usual, his neighbors flocked to his door, hoping to get the dog killed. They came to his door in packs like wolves, howling one complaint after another. They had neither tact, nor dignity. They did not accept rejection easily.

4. Rightly blamed for being scared of his Labrador retriever, he was sort of amused when confronted with the neighbors' fear.

"You know," he said, "if you fear me, I shall have no reason to fear him, the dog."

"It's only your stupidity we fear," they said.

"Why can't you control the dog?"

"I said this earlier," he replied solemnly, "size."

"He should be shot," they said.

But later, when the dog returned from its escapades through the neighborhood, it was not alone. The neighbors' understanding of his fear was perfect. They had attached a utility knife to the dog's collar.

5. Along with the neighbors' encouragement he tried to kill the dog. His attempt was a catastrophe. He had tried to starve the dog and even after five days, it was still alive. On the sixth day the neighbors announced:

DOG EATING OUR PETS' FOOD

The guy felt guilty. He wanted the dog to die of hunger, which was not going to happen, because it stole food from the neighbors, who gave him the idea to kill the dog.

Finally, threatened by neighbors, he served the dog some food.

The dog was apparently unshaken by the whole incident.

6. Bored and tired of complaining neighbors, the guy became very defensive of his dog. He couldn't kill the beast, that was obvious, as was shown by his last attempt.

The dog was not to be tamed or maimed.

The guy made himself think that he needed the dog—that it would protect him, even save his life.

7. Asked to prove that the dog would protect him, he put a slab of meat by his door.

8. Asked for an example of a time when the dog saved his life, he would describe how it attacked a vicious killer just outside his bedroom. He of course neglected to mention that the killer stepped on the dog's tail.

9. The guy maintained that the dog was a good thing to have, until he bled to death.

10. The dog was apparently getting old. It tore into the guy's leg during its last walk in the park. No one noticed all the blood spilled that day.

11. A neighbor later reported seeing the dog. It got run over by a speeding motorist.

FEATURED WRITER OF THE MONTH: Geoffrey Todd Lake

Geoffrey was born in Oakland, California in 1953. Lake attended Chabot College in Hayward. Apprenticed to the San Francisco Opera Company from 1976-86, he has worked as a set decorator/greensman and propman for motion pictures since then.

Some of the films he has worked on include "Mrs. Doubtfire," "Nine Months," "Fearless," and the recently released "Jack," by Francis Ford Coppola, and "Lolita," by Adrian Lyne.

According to his agent, Carl Macki, Geoffrey Todd Lake's poetry is "like a disembodied spirit astray amongst the passions of this earth, ready to surrender faithfully to its own world of shades." The poet draws on his mystical youth in the hills of Hayward, culminating with his studies of the Candomble in Brazil. He has also studied Sufism, Zen and Tibetan Buddhism.

Many of his poems deal with death and transformation. Lake now resides in the hills above Indian Valley in Marin County, California at Casa Urubu.

Lake has read his poetry at several venues in San Francisco including Theatre Artaud, The Open Secret Bookstore in San Rafael, Old Town News and Coffee in Novato, and Copperfield's Cafe in Petaluma, California.

Lake is presently being published in a national publication.

All Art is Useless

by Lana Degasperis

We paint our innermost feelings on paper or in a song. We express our hidden secrets in a dance. But when we speak, it is our tongue that talks, not our heart. Yet, we can pick up a paintbrush, and we will not lie. There are no rules in our game because everybody is their own master. We now become the person we've always wanted to become, no more barriers holding us back, trapping us, chaining us. We loosen our ties and bow down ... only to ourselves as we let our secret unfold.

Interpret it, criticize it and analyze it as you wish, but please, feel it, hear it, see it, understand it ... you may even discover our truth. For every stroke we paint, for every song we sing, for every spin we turn, we are unveiling ourselves, understanding ourselves, discovering ourselves. For every stone that is thrown, for every glance of jealousy cast, for the man who says, "Art is useless," pity him only. He has not yet discovered himself. He has not yet discovered his secret. He has not yet spoken our lyric.

Songs to the Sky

by Geoffrey Todd Lake

I have danced on hilltops
covered with poppies
and sung songs to the sky,
and to the grass, that greenness
that sprouted from the ground.
There was magic in my boyhood.

I would rush home from school
with a new song on my lips
and I would sing to my mother
whose smile would fill my sky.
And I would ask, "You sing, mommy,"
and she would and I would laugh
and beg her to stop
because her voice was so bad.
It was our own little joke.

I remember traveling for what seemed
like all day to the new hospital
my mommy was in
They let me see her
through a window in the door.
The room was dimly lit in red
like a photographers' dark room
and barely visible in a bed
was my mommy.

I wanted to run away
confused and ashamed
but I pretended not to mind
and merely asked one more time
"Now, is mommy coming home?"

That was a long time ago
and the hills I danced in,
are now covered with houses
and the dance,
bludgeoned by time.

But
I still remember rainy days
and the eucalyptus leaf boats
shooting the rapids of the gutters
and the steamy windows and hot soup
that greeted me when I got home
and my mother's friends
all dressed in denim
women of power, intellect, and wit
sipping black cups of coffee,
modern-day witches of Macbeth.

For you see
the grief I feel for my mother
only increases with each year,
as I realize how much she
had to leave unfinished.
For I too, now am a parent
and I am wasting no time
to dance in new hills.

~

UPCOMING LITERARY EVENTS

For anyone interested in the literary scene, make sure to check out WORD ON THE STREET, Sunday, September 29. Make your way down to Queen Street West, around Spadina, between 11-6 and browse the booths. Bring your money! There are some great 'zines and independently-published books to collect! Check the next issue of the Innis Herald for a comprehensive review of one of Toronto's greatest annual literary events.

A Portrait of My Younger Brother

by Geoffrey Todd Lake

A portrait
of my younger brother
at this moment
in time
unfortunately
is impossible.

His face eludes me
like some
deep seeded neurosis
and yet
like a patriot
standing for a flag
I rise
at the mere
mention of his name
and turning
I can see
his smile
I am
fortunate for that.

Still
his death
haunts me
through the memory
of
the Christ-like
whiteness of his hand
fluttering
like a butterfly
to the floor

